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## The Bee.

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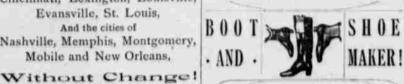
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#### THE LITTLE ARM-CHAIR

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair, It stands in a corner dim: But a white-haired mother gazing there,

First mass, 2.00 a. m.; second mass and sermon, 10.00 a. m. Rosary instruction and benediction at 2.30 p. m. every Sanday. A. M. Coenan, pastor. And yearningly thinking of him, Sees through the dusk of the long ago The bloom of her boy's sweet face, As he rocks so mercily to and fro,

Services regularly held, morning and evening, every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting Thursday night. With a laugh that cheers the place ometimes he holds a book in his hand, MISSIONARY BAFTIST CHURCH. Sometimes a pencil and slate, Services second Saturday evening and Sunday ich moeth. Prayer meeting, Monday night

days,

When a child with sunny hair

At her knee in the little chair

she lost him back in the busy years,

To his place in the battle's van.

Like a picture out of date,

The centre of everything

Bent over a pencil and slate.

But now and then in a wistful dream,

She sees a head with a golden gleam

And she lives again the happy day,

The day of her young life's spring.

When the small arm chair stood in the way,

known as Whalen lake. One Sunday

morning, five summers ago, Willie

Johnson, the fourteen-year-old son of a

farmer's widow living near the lake,

said to his mother, after his little chores

own age) are going in swimming to-

"Well, my son," replied Mrs. Johnson, "you know that I don't much like Sun-

and not get into danger. Besides, we're

Willie, and with a good-by kiss he

mother, already half regretting her de-

comrades waiting for him and in pos-

session of a small boat, to which they

were fitting oars, while a similar craft

give me leave to go sailing, and I prom-

and not run into any danger."
"Oh, it's all right, Will," explained

ishermen on the other side of the lake.

"Yes," broke in Alfred Hughes,

"we'll have a good time. Jump right

Willie Johnson rather demurred at

this extension of the programme, but, boylike, allowed himself to be over-

ruled, and the three thoughtless young-

sters were quickly affoat. The water,

though deep to the very shore, was

smooth as a mirror, and so wondrously

clear that the pebbly bottom could be

The boys, shouting and laughing

with delight, pulled out to a spot about

three hundred yards equidistant from

either bank, and then Alf Hughes pro-

posed that they should anchor the boat,

tired for a return trip, they would take

the other skiff and so recover the first

This plan was enthusiastically ap-

proved of, and, dropping the little anchor, the boys threw off their seant

garments and plunged fearlessly over-

board.
"Let's see who'll touch land first!"

cried Johnnie Porter, as the three

"All right!" yelled the others, and

glistening forms rose to the surface

each one struck out at his best speed. Now, Whalen lake is fed principally

by living springs, and even in the heat

cold. All the youngsters thought them-

selves good swimmers, but they had

never tried a course half so long as

this, and before they had gone one hun-dred yards their own forced exertions

and the low temperature of the water

er its waters are decidedly

dress and swim ashore, when, if too

everywhere plainly seen.

and their clothes.

"Why, boys," inquired Willie, "where

ed that we'd just take a good bath,

May I go along?"

"Mother, Johnny Porter and Alf

were done:

selves."

lay alongside.

W- Thomson

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county, Mich.,

small, land-

locked lake.

not noted on

extant maps,

And he strode away, past hopes and fears,

M. R. CHURCH. Services first Sunday each month, Sunday bool at 200 p. m.

vices every fourth Sanday night by J. W. Pastor. Prayer meeting every Frida ZION A. M. E. CHURCH. Services every Sunday morning at it o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 is. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH,

Church Directory.

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#### Lodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transient bruthren cordially invited JAS. R. RASH, W. M. CHAN. COWELL, Secretary

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O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night
at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. W. TWYMAN, N. G.
C. H. Huwr, Secretary

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, I. O. G. T. Regular meeting of members every Wednesday evening at 7,300 clock. Visiting friends especially invited to attend. Max. J. E. Day, C. T. C. H. HUNT, Secretary. VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend. W. F. Andresson, C. C. Thos D. Harris, K. of R. and S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets Neary Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. F. M. McConp. W. M. Hear Myone Recorder

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Robt L. Green, Wood Longmoor, Jr. Sergoant, G.
A. Robertson, Tipetaff, W. S. B. Hill.
Superior Court—Presiding Judge, Jos. Barbour They've gone to the village, I s'pose, and we're going to borrow this one for a little while and have some fun." Superior Court-Presiding Judge, Jos. Barbour Judges, W. H. Yost, Jr., Jos. Barbour, J. H. Brent; Literarian-Mrs. Mary Brown Day, Public Printer and Binder-E. Polk Johnson. Inspector of Mines-C. J. Norwood. Ratrond Commission-Charman. C. C. McChord. Secretary, D. C. Hardin; Chas B. Poyntz, Urey Woodson. in Will, and we'll row out to the middie of the lake and take something like

County.

Judge of Circuit Court—C. J. Pratt.
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ell. Hauson District—I. W. Simons, J. W. Jones. Nebo District—II. P. Porter, A. J. Key. Charleston District—J. C. Lovell, J. R. Frank-Dalton District-John Fitzsimons, E. C. Kirkood Ashbysburg District—J. H. Banson, W. L. Davis Kitchen District—H. F. Bourfand, Jas. Priest. St. Charles District—R. I. Salmon, I. H. Fox.

began to tell upon them. However, they pushed gamely on for fifty yards further, by which time young Porter was some distance in advance, Hughes next and Willie Johnson a bad

comrade's side.

Suddenly the latter called out: "Help ne, Alf! I'm tired out."
"So am I," dolefully cried Johnny Porter from his leading position.

don't believe I can reach shore." "You go right on, Johnnie, and try to get the boat. I'll help Willie," gallantly said Hughes, and the brave little fellow turned back to his distressed

"You're safe enough, Willie," he

cheerily sputtered. "Put one hand on my shoulder and keep straight as a log, and I'll tow you in." For some distance further the over weighted swimmer struggled manfully on, encouraging his helpless burden as best he could. Then, when no more than fifty yards from shore, Willie faintly gasped: "It's no use Alf-Pm-numb-all-over! I'll-drownyou-too-if-I-hold-on. Tell-moth-

removing his cold hand the young hero sank like a stone. Alfred Hughes knew only too well

self, and his companion as well, for

twenty sesonds longer but the knowledge that Willie had voluntarily relinjuish his only hope of life in order that he might he saved cout a theill the meh

"Johnnie! the boatt quiek! quiek! Willie is gone!" self by a supreme effort ashore, and

eall out brokenly:

And the lesson is hard to understand. And the figures hard to mate; But she sees the nod of his father's head,

Is there, indeed, none? Ah, yes, by Heaven's mercy, one, slight though it may be as a gossamer thread; for at was off the Jersey c So proud of the little son, And she hears the word so often said. this lastant there came, running swift-ly down the slope to the water's edge, 'No fear for our little one. They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet the two mes who owned the boats and

ing house, had seen the exhausted box Was hers to scold, to kiss and to praire, Never passing in their eager race, not even stopping to ask a question, they sprang into the ready skiff and shot When the great world caught the man, like an arrow from the shore.

> tered Alf Hughes, as they swept along-side. "A few yards further outstraight in a line with the other boat! Oh, hurry! good men, hurry!"
> One man is rowing, the other watching, and now, ten yards beyond the self-forgetful Hughes, he sees, while

"Don't stop! Don't stop for me!" fal-

body lying motionless on the bottom twelve feet below the surface. met he darts to the rescue. In two seconds he is up again, his hand twined

in the boy's long hair. Another second and both are in the boat. Willie has been submerged one and a words, no fraction of time in dallying. hills, with people moving on the beach stroke turns the bow shoreward; his to the rescue. companion picks up the exhausted Alf as the boat flies along, and the fifty in-

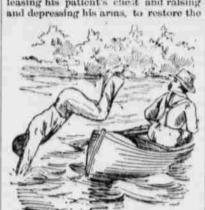
there is a flash. youth out to the hot sand, takes off his and fell with every wave. Here the own upper garments and wraps him up. desperate group were ellinging.
while his friend goes for the anchored "The last moment came. the still form tenderly to the house follow when strong enough.

Hughes (neighboring boys about his at resuscitation, the other hurries off to and he sank, never to reappear. the village for a doctor, and soon everydone for the unconscious sufferer. Meantime a swift-footed messenger

day sports, but I suppose you boys do had been sent to Mrs. Johnson's, and stripped of every shred of clothing. need a good wash after your week's the distracted mother arrives to find One has almost a regret that the sea rb the work in hand-but with tearless eyes and pale cheeks lends her- there is peace."-Josephine Lazarus, in "Oh, no; we'll be very careful, mother, self to the doctor's aid with an enforced Century, calmness sadly belied by her bursting

all pretty good swimmers," rejoined heart. scampered gleefully away, while his hour has gone-and yet there is no sign of returning life. John and Alf arrive cision, looked after him with a sigh.

On reaching the lake he found his themselves in an outer room, awaiting in awe-stricken silence the dread verdict which to both seems inevitable. But the skilled physician, a man of large experience to such cases, works steadily on, never despairing, yet dar did you get the boat? My mother didn't ing to whisper to the self-repr mother only vaguest words of hope. The labor is hard and the perspiration oours down the good man's face as he "Oh, it's all right, Will," explained tries, by alternately pressing and re-John Porter; "the skiffs belong to some leasing his patient's chest and raising



HE DARTS TO THE RESCUE.

action of the lungs. Nearly an hour has glided by, and still the beautiful clay lies there inanimate as a marble image. A portentous hash, profound as that of death itself, pervades the begin to give way. All seems in vain. Her darling, willful, loving boy is certainly dead and she she is henceforth alone. Is this, then, the end of four teen long years of tender care? Blessel be His name, not for, see! there is a new look in the doctor's watching eyes. He bends still lower, lays his car close to the boy's heart, places his long, white fingers on the pulse, raises his own transfigured face, and says oh, so reverently!-the shaple, lif.

giving words: "He is saved!" Then, as the long peat up waters of un icebound fountain are released by the springtime sun, the blessed tears gush from the happy mother's eyes, and with an inarticulate cry of thanks giving she sinks to the floor, weak and elpless as a new-born babe.

When she has regained more me of strength, her boy has passed through the paroxysm of pain incident to returning circulation of the blood and, as all presses her lips lovingly to his, he who pers those two touching words, to which no true woman has ever yet since the reation of the world turned a deaf car "Mother, forgive!"-and the hovering angel of peace, we may well believe. soars heavenward with the glad tidingthat a repentant and redeemed soul lent for awhile longer to earth

Nearly a Catastrophe. never had such a terrible day. said a lady who lives in the suburbs "What was the matter?" "Our new servant girl. She couldn't

find the clothes tine. 'Never mind, Bridget,' said I, 'let it go for to-day,' 'Include OFH not,' said she. 'GFH fix it in a jiffy.' With that she got the stepladder and I left her. In a few minutes I thought I would see how also was get er-I-was-sorry. Good-by." And ting along, and I arrived on the scene just in time to save her life. "Weat was she doing?"

"Getting ready to hang the clothes ing, noon and night -Pack.

A TRAGIC DEATH.

Margaret Fuller's Meteoric Career Followed by a Dramatic finding. "We, at this distance, shrink at setting out with her on that fatal voyage, with his chilled frame and he managed to its record of doom. First, the captain stricken with malignant small-pox; his death and burial at sea off Gibraltae: Villie is gone!"

But Johnnie had just dragged himdeep in the deep. Margaret consoles
and cares for the widow. Then little could not have stirred, at the moment. Angelino seized with the dread disease, "Oh! Willie, Willie!" cried Alf, as if his friend could hear him: "I can't dive for you. I must die, too. There's no lying at the point of death for days, months wear away before they near

"On Thursday, July 18, the Elizabeth was off the Jersey coast. The passengers were told to pack their trunks and prepare to land the next morning. At nine in the evening the wind arose and o. from the window of an overlook at midnight it was a hurricane. The Truth, ship tossed and pitched all night. flying no one knew where or how swiftlywith the wind and tide, headlang to destruction.

"At four o'clock on Friday morning, July 19, she struck off Fire island beach. First a jar, then a crash, and the thunder of the reas breaking over them. One hates to rehearse the sweet, simple frankness of a woman horrors of that awful dawn and "if you promise not to surprise me awakening, yet how else may we again with a spring bonnet of your realize the test of the couls which confronted them? The passengers meet in the gray twilight, exchanging hurried

peering anxiously over the side, a white | words, calm but desperate. "And now, for twelve mortal hours, amid the rack of tempest fury of un-"Back-water! steady her, George," he chained elements, that doomed band of cries to his mate, and down like a plum- human beings awaited death—a hunchained elements, that doomed band of dred deaths. We have a glim Margaret singing her terrified child to sleep through the howling storm. Land was in sight, actually within a hundred yards, only the raging breakers behalf, possibly two, minutes. He may tween. Through the gray cloud of rain yet be saved! No breath is wasted in and spray they could see the gray sand The hardy fisherman who still holds and a wagon drawn up, but not a hand the oars, with one long, sweeping lifted to save them, not a lifeboat sent

"Morning - noon - afternoon - hov endless, and yet how swiftly passing tervening yards are passed over in a The wreck was going to pieces, plank by plank. A single mast remained. Then the dry man lifts the drowned with a fragment of the deck that rose

skiff. Quickly returning, the two bear plunged into the sea and succeeded in swimming to the shore: others trusted whence they themselves have lately to a frail plank and rope. The last come, leaving the now reviving John vision of Margaret was at the foot of and Alfred to resume their clothing and the most in her white nightdress, with her bright hair streaming over shoul-While one of the reagners assists the ders. Ossoli hung for an instant to the good people of the house in their efforts | rigging, but the next wave caught him

the village for a doctor, and soon every-thing which skill can suggest is being was ever recovered. Only the little body of Angelino was washed ashore some minutes later, still warm, but work in the harvest field, and if you'll her only son apparently beyond all impromise to merely take a bath close to man help. Not a sol, nor murmur, nor shore and then come straight home, complaint does she utter—nothing to you may go. But don't forget your. disturb the work in her only son apparently beyond all impromise to merely take a bath close to man help. Not a sol, nor murmur, nor skeep with his parents beneath the you may go. But don't forget your. than in the fixed and stable earth.

HINTS ON WOMAN'S DRESS.

Minutes pass away—a quarter, a half How to Turn Last Season's Garments to Account. There are several possibilities that just now threaten the peace of mind of the average woman. One of these is erinoline; another is such a marked change in prevailing styles that all of her last year's clothes must be thrown away; another is that the latest fashions are going to be ridiculous in the extreme. Just what object certain selfconstituted authorities can have in ringing changes on all of these ideas it would be difficult, indeed, to imagine. The woman of moderate means may possess her soul in patience and preserve her tranquility on the assurance that we will not be troubled with crin-

> least not so much as to affect the conservative models of the day, and last, but by no means least, the ridiculous and absurd will not prevail. The dress of '92 need not be thrown in pauper's goods!"-Truth. into the rag-bag or sacrificed to the poor-box. Many a dress made in the early part of last year will do its full duty as second best or first best, maybe, for the moderate coming and going of

oline to any extent, that there will not

be any radical change in fashions, at

the woman of average means. It is not at all necessary to remove the square basque-skirts that were so fashionable last season. One can do so if one chooses, and wear the little pointed bodice that remains. A puff of silk or dress material set around the waist for slender figures will be a pretty addition to thin silk or wool costumes. For handsome dresses, a fringe of jet or colored beads in front or a folded ribbon or silk belt, with bow and ends, or a passementerie or silk girdle will be an appropriate finish. Of all things, revolutionized. This is the height of absurdity. New dresses are now being made that, in style and finish, dif-

fer but very slightly from those ordered a year ago. Of course, there are extreme styles and extreme people to wear them, but postponed the conservative, solid, sensible people, who are not so much the leaders as the arbiters of fashion, are wearing very much the same things that they wore a year ago. There is a conserva-tive dress that is like the close cottagebonnet that has not been out of fashion in a quarter of a century and probably never will go out of fashion as long as sensible women live and move and have their being. -N. Y. Ledger.

Explained. Mrs. Growler-Now, grocer, you have charged me for things I've never had. What do you mean by such items as one handful of raisins, one pocketful of al monds, two mouthfuls of brown sugar -eh? Grocer-It means, Mrs. Growler, that ladies what will bring their children

with them when they do their market-

in' has got to pay for all they gets .-Harper's Bazar. -It is the ice-flor in a river that interferes with the flow of water.

Gussie-My, what a cold you have, Cholly: are you taking anything for it? Cholly-Ya-a-as; four pocket handkerchiefs a day. - Brooklyn Life. The Only Alternative. Acquaintance - So you have deter-

Bones-Thanks. I hear it, too.

Girl of the Period (sadly)—Yes; I see nothing else before me.—Texas Siftings. An Original Girl. Hearsny. Jones-Wish you joy, old chap; I hear it's a boy.

Convincing Proof. "Where are you going? You look to me as if you might be a tramp. Speak up, man," and once more the stalwart policeman shooed up the wretched ereature, who made no reply, but gesticulated with his hands. "Will you talk, you vagabond?"

howled the policeman. "Lemme go, you mutton-headed copper. Can't you see that I am a deaf man?"-Texas Siftinga.

He Was Answered. He-Well, what have you there? She-Two of your old letters, my

He-Umph! What's the first onethat forty-pager?

She-One you sent me when I had a slight cold before we were married. This half-page is the one you wrote man who sometimes tries to see an last winter when I was nearly dead operatic performance. - Indianapolis with the grip. That's all, dear .- Journal,

Paying Him in Ills Own Colo 'My dear," he said, with that nasty, gging careasm some men resort to, lease don't surprise me any more hear it."

with a box of eigers of your own selec-"I won't, love," she replied, with the sweet, simple frankness of a woman, Free Press. own selection."-Detroit Free Press.



She—This fur rug is very beautiful. To what beast does it belong? He (candidly)-To me.-Jury.

Sanitary Intelligence, "You must not come to school any ore, Tommy, until your mother has recovered from the smallpox," said a teacher in one of the New York pub-

"There ain't a bit of danger. ain't going to give me the smallpox." "Why, how is that? How do you know that?"

"She's my stepmother. She never gives me anything."—Texas Siftings. Merely His Way. "Is anything the matter with that nonkey?" inquired the visitor at the enagerie. "He seems to be moping." "That monkey," said the keeper,

diverting little rascal in the cage. Fly around there, Ward McAllister! Make doing! Well, you take your hat and go yourself lively!"-Chicago Tribune. A Lucky Prisoner. Old Lawyer-I cannot take your Circumstantial evidence strong against you that it will be im

am guilty. "Oh! Then maybe I can clear you."-Demorest's Magazine. Employer (kindly)-You are become

possible to prove your innocence.

ag very round shouldered, Mr. Faith-Bookkeeper (with hopes of a vacation)-Yes, I fear that I am. Employer (solicitously)-Hadn't von better stop riding a bicycle?-Good

Oh, Dear, No! "Have you any porpoise shoe-strings?" asked the timid customer of the new elerk. "No, sir," replied the eleck, looking

haughtily down on him from his threedollar-a-week position. "We don't deal A Court of Appeals. Mother-Johnny! Johnny Fibbs, if pose you don't come in this instant. I'll tell of life. your father.

Johnny- If you do, I'll tell the serv-

ant girl all th' things you said about her, and then she'll leave.—Good News. Not So Ignorant After All. "You think you know a lot about music," sneered Mawson. "But I'll bet you don't know the difference between grand opera and comic opera." "Yes, I do," said Jackson. "There's

some fun in grand opera."-Life All Laid Bare. Cobwigger-As nobody suspected the the voicelessly praying woman—the widowed, perhaps childless, mother—speech, that the entire wardrobe must Merritt-Why, he employed the prettiest nurse girl in the city. -Life.

> "It looks as though my marriage with Miss Mullins would have to be 'What's the trouble, eld man?' "She's got married to young Jo-

sunker yesterday."-Judge.

Seems to Be Necessary.

Comes High, But She Must Have It. "Isn't Mrs. Snobbsy awfully high-"I should say so. She won't ride in a sleeping car unless she can have the upper ten berth."-Town Topica

you became engaged?" "No. Sometimes I only get one letter a day."-Life. Encouragement to Poets. Poet-And you will print my poem?

Editor-Yes, sir, in the puzzle de-

partment, where it belongs. - Texas

The Brute!

"Does he write to you regularly since

A Realistic Tragedy. He's in trouble, so's his wife, Because he tried, they say. To lead a 119,000 life

On (1.900 pag -Chicago Record

of the country in the name of Louis, king of France. Settlements were soon afterwards formed. In 1713 Louis XIV. named the region Louisiana in honor of bimself, and granted it to M. Crozot.

Skidd-When you proposed, I suppose she said: "This is sudden!" Spatts-No; she only remarked: "You might have had me a year ago. George.

## NO 23. FUN BY THE COLUMN.

Still a Mystery.

Mamma-Why don't you go to sleep? Hubert—I am just lying awake to see if I can find out how I fall asleep. Last night I tried it.

Mamma-And did you find out? Hubert-No, mamma, I didn't After I had been awake about three hours, I fell asleep accidentally. — Harper's Young People.

The Advance of Woman.

"Were you aware," said the professor.

"that the young women of the present day are much taller than women were twenty years ago?" "I know that their hats are a whole lot higher," was the sad reply of the

A Fish Question "Our fishing club," remarked one De-troit man to another, "is to have a discussion to-night and I'd like to have you

"What is the question?" "How sober must a man be to eatch the longest string of fish."-Detroit

Very Likely. "The inventor of the alphabet must have been a modest man," said Haw "Why so?" asked Mawson,

"Because he began it with A," said Hawkins. "Most men would have be-gun it with I."—Harper's Bazar. An Intercational Episode.
"There is no beef like the beef of old

England," said the Chicagoan to his English host. "That is a good deal of an admission from you, isn't it?" said the English-

"Oh! no," said the other. "All the beef of old England is imported from Chicago,"--Harper's Bazar. The Teacher's Advantage. Little Girl-I don't want to go to school to-day. It was freezing cold

Mother-Then why didn't the teacher dismiss school?
"Oh! she was warm enough. She kept herself warm walkin' around th' om and marking us when we moved." -Good News

No Bird.

here yesterday.

Editor-You live in a boarding-house. on't you? Paragraphic Serf-1 do. Editor-How is it we never get any tough spring-chicken jokes from you? Paragraphic Serf-They cau't afford chicken where I board. I write hash

jokes.-Truth. Not Itte Line. Grocer-What have you been doing in the cellar so long? Grocer's Apprentice-1, have been cleaning out the molasses measure; it was so elogged up that it didn't hold mere'n half a ownet.

home and tell your father to send you to the theological school. You ain't fitted for the grocery business .- N. Y. One Way of Getting Rich.

Grocer-O, that's what you've been

Jack-Say, Bill, we've been in hard luck lately, sin't we? Prisoner-But I am not innocent. 1 Bill-We have, old man. Jack-I'll tell you what we'll do. You insure your life in my favor for ten

thousand dollars, and I'll do the same for you. Bill-Well, what good'll that do us? Jack-Why, we'll just load up our guns and step off thirty paces somewhere and see who gets the money .-

Tastes Differ. Dealer-Here, madam, is a horse I ean recommend, sound, kind-Old Lady-Oh, I don't want that sort of a horse. He holds his head high. Dealer-Eh? Old Lady-1 like a horse that holds

his nose close to the ground so he can see where he's goin'. -N. Y. Weekly Consternation Casual Acquaintance-Horrible accident on your road, wasn't it? I suppose you feel terribly over such a loss Railroad President-Should cay I did.

Killed a setter pup I was having sent down to me that I wouldn't have taken five hundred cottans for. - Trath-A Marvel Simplex tafter an evening of Longbow's stories at the clubi-What a wonderful memory that fellow has! Cynicus-Yes; he remembers more

more different ways, than anybody I ever knew before. - Truth. A Gift-Edged 'Cisk. Life Insurance President (in astonishment)-What under the sun ever made you take a risk on this man's life? Why, he swears that he has been a con-

things that never happened, and in

risks, sir. Confirmed invalids never die of anything but old age. -Pu k. A Great Investment. Miss Wouldbee-It seems to me all you typewriter men charge awful prices for your machines Dealer-There is more in one of those

pretty as you, and she's got a diamond ring on now.-Judge Preparatte of He-What have you got all these brass rails along the edge of the sofa-

-Detroit Free Press. Contdu't Trot in Her Class. "Will you clope with me?" "What is your income?" "Three thousand a year."

He Has a Musical Neighbor. Did you know that pianes are made in Hamburg, and are liable to be full of cholera germs?

-Louisiana was first vicited by La Mr. Wickwire—Hadn't heard of it. Salle, who discovered the mouth of the Mississippi (1691), and took possession rems?—Indiananolis Journal.

Fender-Yes; and you should have seen him this morning. He was a picture.-Truth. Method in Her Mudness.

My ball dress needs retrimming

tirmed invalid for five years! Superintendent-One of the best of

machines than you imagine. We sold one a week ago to a girl not half as

She-Papa had them put in I told. him, dear, that you had spoken at last.

"No, Harold. If you had five thou-sand I would. -- Washington Star Mrs. Wickwire-Goodness gracious!

Suttable. Brassey-Carson went out to paint things last night, didn't he?

She called him birdy, lovy dove.

And then, his eye bedimming.

She said: "Den't buy those trousers, dear,

- Demorest's Magazine

people Notices live cons per line such in-

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